

declares the speaker of 'Tourist Information' which also asserts that 'the food that

clothed the Empire was Hot Pot'. Waling's narrators are self-made men who have educated themselves (usually in the rarely used front rooms of their childhood homes) and escaped 'the clothing of christian men' and being 'bungalowed / outside Sainsburys' to seek 'the smell of good coffee' and 'open plan living', a future that ultimately cannot be sustained or justified:

Do you know what I hate in the morning?
putting the mask of realism on

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